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The American System

ONE PRESIDENT, TWO PARTIES

BY EDWARD L. ROUSSEAU

Another Opportunity Lost

BLIGHT IN OUR FIELDS

BY LAWRENCE T. KING

CROSS AND CRESCENT *by John K. Cooley*

THE LETTERED CONE *by Townsend Brewster*

A CONFLICT OF SPIRITUAL ULTIMATES *by Oona Sullivan*

GEORGE SHUSTER'S MEMOIRS *by Philip Deasy*

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VOLUME LXXV, NO. 9 NOVEMBER 24, 1961 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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THE COMMONWEAL
Thirty-Eighth Year of Publication
232 Madison Avenue
New York 16, N.Y.

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Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly from mid-July to mid-September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

The Shelter Debate

ON THE QUESTION whether this nation should embark on a full-scale thermonuclear bomb shelter program knowledgeable citizens are sharply divided. The Administration has not clarified its own position despite growing emphasis on civil defense. Only Governor Rockefeller of New York has come up with anything resembling a program.

The strongest argument advanced by proponents of an adequate nationwide program is that our country's ability to survive a major thermonuclear attack would serve as an effective deterrent—especially when added to the capacity to retaliate. According to such reasoning, this would make unlikely any Soviet thermonuclear attack. Likewise it would enable America to negotiate from a position of strength, secure from thermonuclear blackmail.

If something should go wrong, the argument continues, and the attack should come after all, the shelters would save millions of lives. With well protected and widely distributed stockpiles of food and medicines, it would be possible for the survivors to start rebuilding a viable way of life.

Those who oppose most vehemently the adoption of a full-scale program of this sort emphasize the increased destructive power of recently tested Soviet weapons: the sixty-mile radius of devastation of the hundred-megaton bomb, the deep crater produced over extensive target areas and the like. They argue that many individual home and backyard shelters now in the process of construction and sale would not provide protection from the effects of weapons of such magnitude.

One of the most lamentable aspects of the present beginnings of a shelter program is the variation in the degree of protection it would afford. The first category in each of these contrasting groups would enjoy considerably less, if any, protection: city-dwellers and suburbanites (not to mention exurbanites); families living in hotels, apartments and tenements and those in single houses; the multitudes not able to build their own shelters and the few that can afford them. Such a dichotomy could hardly be more unfortunate regardless of the ultimate effectiveness of such shelters. Yet the cost of supplying adequate nationwide protection from thermonuclear weapons is literally astronomical, and such a program would propel us toward an underground existence with incalculable psychological effects.

A NUMBER of critics opposed to such a program stress the unspeakable conditions that would confront those who managed to survive the blast and the first fall-out. They cite the contamination of food and water supplies, the breakdown of sanitary facilities and the spread of disease and the rendering of the soil too radioactive for cultivation. And occasionally they refer to the vast numbers of bodies that would be lying around unburied. Continued survival under such fearful conditions would be problematical at best.

Proponents of this side of the argument contend that the adoption of a nationwide shelter program might actually be a step toward thermonuclear war. If it did not lead our enemies to attack before we could carry it out, it would at least bring us to feel that this type of warfare is inevitable.

The more one goes into the terms of the debate the plainer it becomes that thermonuclear war is unacceptable as an instrument of our national policy. The only justification for our possession of atom bombs—and for complementing them with an adequate shelter system—is to insure that such weapons will never be used. At the same time a "balance of terror" provides no dependable security; the chances of human misjudgment, miscalculation or accident are too great.

What is to be done, then, if the peoples of the world are to work themselves out of the present thermonuclear crisis? Negotiations with the Soviet Union on test bans, arms control and disarmament have produced precious little to date. Too much is at stake, however, to permit discouragement to keep us from continuing to seek acceptable agreements. With each passing day the U.S.S.R. is becoming more and more of a "have" nation.

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The Soviets, too, are aware of what they stand to lose from a nuclear holocaust. The two nations do have this realization in common.

Perhaps a start might be made by reaching an arms control agreement on Central Europe, where mutual policing would make it extremely difficult for either side to mount a sudden attack. The need to make a start on controls and disarmament somewhere is of increasing urgency, for as things now stand millions of human beings are threatened by an unprecedented prospect of annihilation.

Liberal Republicans

THE RECENT election results were, generally speaking, highly comforting to the Democratic Party. Republicans won a number of important mayoral contests, but these victories were overshadowed by the dramatic Democratic successes, first in Texas, which we commented on last week, and then in New York City and New Jersey.

In New York, vigorous support from Governor Nelson Rockefeller and an appearance by General Eisenhower failed to save Republican mayoral candidate Louis J. Lefkowitz from decisive defeat at the hands of Democratic incumbent Robert F. Wagner. In New Jersey, the outcome of the race for governor was even more telling. The margin of victory for Democrat Richard J. Hughes was small (37,000 votes), but he had begun his campaign as a virtual unknown and had been given almost no chance against former Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, an Eisenhower protégé and a national symbol of "liberal Republicanism."

Obviously, these results give Democrats strong grounds for optimism about the Congressional elections coming up in 1962. Furthermore, they may be taken as a vote of confidence in the Kennedy Administration and an encouragement to President Kennedy to fight for his liberal legislative program. The implications of these reversals for the Republican Party, however, are even more interesting—and, we think, much less clear.

No doubt the defeat of Louis Lefkowitz by such a wide margin in New York represents something of a setback to the political strength of Governor Rockefeller. And no doubt Mr. Mitchell's loss in New Jersey has rubbed much of the glamor off the name of Eisenhower. But we cannot agree that the New York-New Jersey elections should be interpreted as defeats for "liberal Republicanism" and arguments in support of the far-right Republicanism of Barry Goldwater.

Because of the scandals which have marred Mayor Wagner's terms of office and, even more, the bitter divisions among New York's Democrats, Republicans seemed to have a far better chance than usual in the New York election just past. But against this fact must be balanced the normally overwhelming Democratic plurality in the city, the freedom of the Mayor himself from any hint of personal venality, and his endorsement by liberal and reform groups. Moreover, if any candidate in that election stood for right-wing Republican principles, it was Independent (former Democrat) Lawrence E. Gerosa, and he polled 321,996 votes to Mr. Wagner's 1,239,533.

As for the defeat of James P. Mitchell in New Jersey, it seems to us bizarre to count it as the repudiation by the voters of a "liberal." Mr. Mitchell's own political philosophy can not be discussed, since he kept it carefully hidden, but the campaign that was run in his behalf was anything but liberal. It was a Madison Avenue, Eisenhower kind of campaign, offering no issues and no ideas, nothing but the strong, smiling image of Mr. Mitchell and the endlessly repeated slogan, "A Big Man For a Big Job." Mr. Mitchell would not descend to particularities and local issues, and he refused to meet Mr. Hughes in debate. Whatever campaign issues were raised—not by Mr. Mitchell but by Party statements—were distinctly old-hat Republican. These included charges of bossism, waste and the "accusation" that the Democrats might bring New Jersey the state income tax it has so long and so desperately needed.

Whatever Senator Goldwater and his followers may say, the defeat of James Mitchell could not mean that the voters rejected a "liberal Republican"—for the simple reason that there was no sign of such a candidate throughout the entire New Jersey campaign. And if its losses in New York and New Jersey induce the Republican Party to turn right, we think it will do so at its political peril.

Preserving the Church's Freedom

THERE ARE many ways to silence the Church. The crudest way, used behind the iron curtain, is to pass restrictive laws against the Church. A more subtle method, one recently used in San Diego, is to organize a protest movement against some Church-sponsored activity. The results in any event are surprisingly similar: the freedom of the Church is diminished. In Poland this is understandable. In America it is inexplicable.

Yet it was in San Diego, California, that Bishop Charles F. Buddy, heeding the protests of various ultra-conservatives, canceled a major lecture series sponsored by the Cardijn Center for the lay apostolate. The series, entitled "Invitation to Knowledge," was to have included a lecture on the United Nations, an address by John Cogley, and talks on such subjects as Gaelic music, the Resurrection and Pope Leo XIII. But despite the fact that seven of the eight invited speakers were Catholics—and despite the Bishop's own earlier approval—the protests were heeded and the series eliminated.

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Why? Was it because something important was discovered about the speakers which led to doubt about their integrity? Was it because there was reason to doubt the orthodoxy of the directors of the Center? Was it because the lectures themselves posed some danger to faith or morals? The answer in each case appears to be no. On the contrary, in a letter sent to the protesters Bishop Buddy commended the members of the Center for "a sterling record of integrity, unity of spirit, and splendid achievements." The Bishop concluded his praise for the Center by saying that his action did not "lessen our esteem and appreciation for this forward-moving, forward-looking, dynamic organization." He did not, in short, object either to the speakers or the Center.

The only clue to the reasons for the decision that the letter provides is the statement that, "on the other hand, the well considered objections of some 240 responsible citizens, both Catholic and non-Catholic, compel respectful attention. In fact it is refreshing to note so many people patriotic and alert to the dangers of Communism." Since there was no suggestion that the speakers or the Center were not, for their part, just as alert to these dangers the import of the Bishop's reason is wholly obscure. If the activities of the Center are commendable, then it is not at all clear why the fact of even "well considered objections" should be more decisive than the work of the members. Why conceivably, as stated in the letter, was it the "safer course" to cancel the lectures?

What, in a word, is "safe" for the Church? The giving up of its freedom in the face of public opinion—especially a loud minority opinion—is surely not safe. This will merely encourage those who would deprive the Church of freedom in its own house. Nor is it safe for the Church to silence its members to avoid controversy. Far more is at stake in the Church's right to let its members act freely within the bounds of the Church's teaching than the likes or dislikes of local pressure groups. The very right of a Catholic to be a Catholic is at issue.

Even more, one expects that the Church will assert its spiritual freedom to the utmost; that it will defend the permissible actions of its members no matter how controversial they may be; that it will allow its members to express their minds no matter how unpalatable some members of a community may find their views. In our own day there have been many calls for the Church to be more apostolic, for the layman and priest to be more zealous in applying Catholic principles to the world around them. But they can hardly do this if they do not have the full support of the hierarchy. The Catholic apostolate—lay or clerical—is otherwise a total impossibility.

No doubt there is some danger of reading too much into the San Diego incident and it is quite possible that Bishop Buddy had important reasons for his action which he did not choose to make public. It is the duty of a bishop on occasion to make hard and painful decisions; decisions which many Catholics may not like but which they will faithfully accept. Nor would one expect a bishop to be deaf to public opinion. One can thus sympathize with Bishop Buddy for the extreme, organized pressure he had to endure.

What is most to be feared is that the Church in this country will become just a little too sensitive to public opinion, a little too concerned for its respectable community name. Already the Church, after a bold start, has had something close to a failure of nerve in pressing for integration in the South. Public opinion there, for the time being, has triumphed. Since extremists elsewhere are certain to press the advantage they gained in San Diego, it is not a moment too soon to say that enough is enough.

See No Evil

A NEW FRONTIERSMAN has made another tactical error. Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara was not deterred by a number of protests—including those of Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., and the Rev. Martin Luther King—from addressing a segregated audience in Atlanta. The occasion was a dinner honoring Senator Richard B. Russell and Rep. Carl Vinson, who head the two Congressional military affairs committees.

Apparently Mr. McNamara had not known in advance that the dinner was to be segregated, and it has been claimed that Negroes were not excluded from it as a matter of policy; thus there is no question of the Administration's—and the Secretary's—original good faith and good intentions. But it is hard to understand why the messages from Dr. King and Mr. Wilkins were ignored. Certainly these two men have demonstrated by now that they are not "extremists" or "irresponsibles."

Most unfortunate of all is the way Mr. McNamara dealt with the spectacle of pickets and demonstrators at the Atlanta airport. Determined not to become embroiled in an "incident," presumably, the Secretary answered reporters by saying, "I have seen no demonstration." Urged by newsmen to turn his head and look, he did so and then repeated, "I still have seen no demonstration."

Without making too much of this single regrettable episode, we can at the same time urge Mr. McNamara —and the Administration—to consider deeply its symbolism. The question of Negro rights *is* there. It cannot be put aside, cannot be separated from other national issues, cannot be evaded. The Administration, and the American people, dare not close their eyes to it. "See no evil" is a foolish and irresponsible motto; it cannot be the slogan of the New Frontier.

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Footnote to an Election

NEW YORK CITY just went through a spirited, name-calling mayoralty election. The democratic process has survived, I guess, although one could hardly claim that it was much elevated.

On the state level, the election was quieter, since this was an off-year and no gubernatorial seat was involved. There was, however, considerable debate on a proposed amendment to the N.Y. Constitution which involved the question of state aid to higher education. The measure lost, but the issue remains of more than passing or strictly local interest.

The amendment itself called for state-guaranteed bonds to build dormitories and academic buildings in New York colleges and universities, issued by a State College Building Authority. As I read the lawyers' language of the proposal, no direct grant of money was slated for any college. Instead, the state would have been "loaning" its credit, which would have resulted in lower interest rates on new construction for the institutions affected. All institutions of higher learning chartered by the state would have been benefited, including church-related colleges and universities, and for many people this was clearly the rub.

As far as the need is concerned, I think there was no serious question raised. Tax-supported institutions in this state cannot accommodate all who want to go to college, and something like two-thirds of all New York college students are enrolled in privately supported institutions. Many of these schools are already having difficulties, and it is not hard to imagine what their situation will be in the near future, since college enrollment in this state is expected to double in the next decade—if the colleges can fit them in.

The commitment of five hundred million dollars of state credit to encourage new construction would not solve all the problems the colleges face, of course. No single step would. But a measure like this would be a tremendous help, and for this reason it was backed by Governor Rockefeller, the State Education Commissioner, the New York Board of Regents, the State A.F.L.-C.I.O., and the Association of Colleges and Universities of New York State. Lined up against the measure were other influential groups, including not only the P.O.A.U. but the Protestant State Council of Churches and Parent-Teacher organizations throughout the state.

All of these latter organizations had one thing in common: they argued that the proposed Amendment Six was a violation of the traditional American system of Church-State relations. As far as I could determine, this was really the only argument against the measure that people took very seriously. For my part, their position seemed doctrinaire, and their reasoning left me unconvinced.

There are, I know, religious leaders who sometimes sound as if they were quite willing to ignore the spirit of the First Amendment. I would not follow them, for I take the no-establishment clause very seriously. At the same time, however, I also believe in that provision of the Amendment which bars interference with the free exercise of religion, and I think this point is highly relevant here.

Consider the situation. This was in no sense a question of public vs. private institutions. If the measure had specifically excluded religiously-oriented institutions of higher learning while retaining aid for all other privately financed schools, I think there is no doubt that most of the opposition would have faded away. There was no objection to using the power of the State to help private colleges—provided only that those colleges were not conducted under religious auspices. And as I see it, this is precisely the point. To exclude religious schools would not be neutrality, American-style; instead, such action would constitute positive bias by the State against religion. A college conducted under religious auspices would be handicapped, and for that reason only.

Since tax-supported institutions can accommodate only a fraction of the state's student body, it is clearly in the public interest that private colleges be helped to prepare for the expanding student population. Under these circumstances, to say that the religiously oriented college must be excluded means one of two things. Either church-related colleges will be unable to accommodate many of the students who seek admission or, if they manage to expand on their own power, students in those schools will pay a correspondingly higher tuition than students in private, non-religious colleges. Either way, it seems to me that the practical effect is to curtail the right of a considerable number of American citizens to choose a religiously oriented education, and this in the name of the very Amendment that seeks to guarantee not only non-establishment but the free exercise of religion.

I know these issues are complicated, and I have no desire to oversimplify this one. But for me, at least, an ironic ending to the whole affair was supplied by the N.Y. legislature when it rushed through a school bomb shelter measure immediately after election day. On this one, apparently, religious schools as well as all others will be allowed to participate, First Amendment or no. I am not quite sure just what this proves—unless it is that it takes the threat of the Bomb to make brothers of us all.

JAMES O'GARA

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The Presidential System We Know Was Achieved Rather Than Planned

One President, Two Parties

EDWARD L. ROUSSEAU

EVERY FOUR YEARS the American people expect history to stop while they elect a President amid the inanities of an advertising campaign. Or so we are told often enough. A still more serious criticism of the Presidency as an office is the apparent inability of any man to do the job expected of our Chief Executive. Even before our present entanglement in world affairs the then professor Woodrow Wilson suggested reform along the lines of the English cabinet system. The history of the last few years might seem to bear him out. While the public did not regard the Eisenhower administration as a failure, the masses and the purportedly well-informed were never more opposed than on this issue. When the Kennedy honeymoon ended with the Cuban fiasco, a similar split began.

It might seem that only Mencken's boob could defend the Presidency as an institution, but still more temerity is required for a defense of Republicans and Democrats as a useful political division. What sense do parties make that can oppose Walter Reuther and Senator Byrd to Governor Rockefeller and Senator Goldwater? Yet it is an increasingly common thesis among political scientists that the presidential office is a triumph of political thinking made possible by our two parties essentially as they are. In fact, the United States has solved a central problem for all civilized governments—the combination of responsibility and authority.

A widespread failure to recognize our political success, on the level of serious discussion, is understandable enough. While the average American exhibits an unamiable, if natural, belief in the superiority of everything pertaining to his own nation, our intellectuals do not usually join the chorus of adulation. As for foreigners, a Hannah Arendt who becomes an American citizen because of her admiration for the United States Constitution remains an exception. Even in our closest neighbor, Canada, there is with widespread and resented imitation on the social level a contempt, based largely on ignorance, for our intellectual attainments.

This failure in appreciation both at home and abroad is partly due to the fact that our basic political institutions belong not to the America the world sees, an advance wave in the revolt of the masses, where the average is the excellent; but to another older, better country, not yet dead, whose existence is not even suspected. Besides, a non-recognition of our ideas is in a way natural. Professor Boorstin, a close student of our history, has intimated a good reason: we have never had any; a sub-intellectual consensus has made us suppose a political philosophy that has never existed. But much thinking about particular problems went into the making of the Constitution. It is doubtful if any other people were ever so guided by the intelligent as were the Americans by Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, and the Adamses. There have been greater thinkers and statesmen, but hardly such a combination of the two qualities in the same men.

For all the wisdom of our Founding Fathers, however, the institutions we live by are not exactly what they planned; nor would they be disappointed, for flexibility without a break with the past is a mark of their work. They did not expect that a President could be all that he now is and yet not a dictator. They guarded against direct responsibility to the people. They did not foresee with approval a two-party system. The actual Presidential system was not planned in the abstract but achieved during its history.

A PERENNIAL problem since the primitive societies in which every man was a warrior has been the taming of the military. The state must keep its armed protectors from seizing power. If they do, damage to the common good and ultimately to their own efficiency will result. Until modern times the only successful device outside of small communities was hereditary monarchy, and even here there was a tendency for legitimate authority to become a figurehead for a Shogun, a Mayor of the Palace, or—more commonly—warring barons.

The President of the United States, on the other hand, is what the Roman Emperor claimed to be: a commander-in-chief approved by the people, a civilian *imperator*, who at least ideally stands for the subordination of tactics and strategy to political ends. The United States

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has had six Presidents who by reputation at least were great generals: Washington, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Grant, and Eisenhower. If civilians who served as members of the armed forces are counted, close to a majority of our Chief Executives have been to war. Belief in the essentially pacific character of our history might therefore well be challenged; and yet nowhere among great powers except in England has there been such a series of administrations in no case supplanted by violence.

The case of small progressive nations like the Dutch or Swiss, who after all depended (sometimes in vain) on the power of others, should not blind anyone to how unusual regular peaceable succession, with a constitution modified but not supplanted, really is. The English have not had a successful revolution since 1689, nor any at all in the island of Great Britain itself since 1745; but elsewhere there are few records comparable to ours. Mussolini in his conversations with Emil Ludwig laughed at the American custom of congratulatory telegrams from defeated candidates as magnificent but, in effect, not politics. One wonders if before his death he did not see something in favor of a system where politics is not total war, and a safe descent from the tiger is possible. The advantage certainly is not only for the rulers but also for the governed.

The cold war, to be sure, has put some strain on civilian control of the military, but the popular sympathy for General MacArthur in his controversy with President Truman would, one imagines, have vanished in an instant if a march on Washington had been attempted. Indeed such a solution would be politically and sociologically inconceivable. Times may change, of course. One dangerous sign is the lengths to which otherwise reasonable men will go in the defense of their own branch of the service; another is the apparent prevalence of conservative so-called thinking in many military circles. A real temptation to forcible disobedience to the commander-in-chief might come about with bona fide disarmament and consequent disestablishment of the military. But this is for the future; with so many imminent troubles there is small use in borrowing any further ones.

As for the past, however, it might be argued that civilian control of the military and regular constitutional succession are, like so many American advantages, due not to skill but to luck, the result of a cultural lag by which the nineteenth-century Indian summer of our civilization has lingered longer on our shores, as in Britain, than in any other large country. More probably, as usually happens in human affairs, success has been due to a combination of intelligence and luck. It is necessary, then, to penetrate beneath civil control of the military and regular constitutional succession to what is, in part, their source: that is, the Presidential office itself.

An American President is not a constitutional monarch. The division of office between a titular fountain of authority, whatever his title, and a premier who governs would be fatal to our system. The President does not have the glamour of a king but of a man like Cincinnatus called from the plow to save the republic, who retires when his work is done. Some needless waste is involved in the failure to make proper use of former Presidents, but the possibility of such waste stems from the nature of an office where supreme power is taken up and laid down in obedience to the people. Yet the call is institutionalized; unlike the Roman dictators, a President is always at hand to provide leadership, if he wills and the people let him. For his power, though great, is limited not only by constitutional checks and balances and the clashes of interest in society, but ultimately by the temperament of the American people, whose real moderation is concealed by a convention of violent noise.

THIS POPULAR check on executive power is both external and within the character of men apt to be elected. If the insults offered Franklin D. Roosevelt are preserved for future archaeologists, they will be surprised to learn that while "that man" was President such abuse went unpunished, that this "traitor to his class" did not execute one member of it, that after confiscatory taxes the rich remained rich. With or without justification, journalists spoke of candidate Kennedy's ruthlessness. It is well to remind ourselves that ruthlessness in our political life does not have the results usual in history.

One reason is the extent of real responsibility to the people. In practice a simple vote determines what man will have the office. Ours is not a democracy in the ancient sense of direct popular rule, but an approximation in modern conditions and over a large area, made possible by what renders democracy in the strict sense impossible—the largeness and diversity of the country. Madison foresaw that our national institutions could not work in a small republic. The defenders of leaving everything to private enterprise or to small governmental units fly in the face of American experience. The federal government has not only been more free from scandal and more efficient than city wards and rural counties, but also more responsive to the common will. In the nation, personal, sectional, and narrow class interests have less sway, while they often are the only points considered in a little community. The preponderance of rural representation in state legislatures—of small constituencies over the great—leads to petty, irresponsible government in the state and indirectly in the nation. There cannot be real responsibility unless authority holds sway over a large enough population so that the common good as opposed to short term personal interests has real meaning, unless power is so concentrated that everyone knows who has

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it, and the popular judgment as to its exercise can be made effective by a simple vote confined to this point.

The office of President fills these specifications as does no other. Authority concentrated in small units and a long complicated ballot make national democracy so described ineffective. Not that the ideal is one omnicompetent state with no subsidiary units between it and the masses; rather, a most important function of the subsidiary units, where they now partially fail, is training citizens so that intelligent decisions can be made in a great constituency. The principle of subsidiarity was not designed to promote anarchy. "The prince does not bear the sword in vain," says Scripture. The nature of a just social order involves a seeming paradox. Those who have the active care of the common good must have power over any private interests, and yet their power must somehow be restrained or become another private interest itself, as happens in every species of tyranny. It is an advantage of the Presidential system that a popular judgment can be made on the exercise of ultimate civil authority.

FOR A REAL decision, intelligent or otherwise, in a democracy, two parties roughly like the Republicans and Democrats are almost a necessity. Neither the English cabinet system nor the American Presidency works well over a large area where the basis of party division is different. A President like ours, without a premier, has scarcely been tried except in Latin America, and there has tended to become an open or disguised dictator. In France, a regime like de Gaulle's makes a distinction foreign to our system between a president who rules and a premier who, without ultimate authority, bears some of the responsibility for governing. With de Gaulle gone, such a regime would seem in danger of oscillating between military dictatorship and the old parliamentary instability. Only a clear choice for chief executive between two alternatives makes our system function.

One of the more Rube Goldbergish devices of our constitution, the electorial college, has kept our system going by discouraging the fragmentation of parties. While the purpose of the Founding Fathers—no direct popular control—has fortunately been frustrated, a direct popular vote would in the long run result in no choice at all by the people as a whole. Suppose that in 1960 not only Kennedy and Nixon but also Stevenson, Byrd, Rockefeller, and Goldwater had been on the ballot in all the states. No one can profitably speculate about what might have happened, but the winner would almost certainly have been a minority president, elected by a bargain between candidates and their backers. Our method of nominating candidates, which has so many critics, would have been repeated with even less popular control of the final choice.

The cabinet system, too, has only succeeded—with the exception of certain minor North European countries—where a simple choice between what sometimes seems tweedledum and tweedledee is offered. Otherwise government tends to an almost complete breakdown. A premier of the Third or Fourth Republic, no matter how great his patriotism and ability, could not —because of the institutions with which he had to work—have the same sense of responsibility as the most incompetent American President. Observers of the fall of France noted that nothing was anybody's fault. It used to be argued that the French government was really stable because changes in ministry were a meaningless game of musical chairs while a permanent bureaucracy governed. But though bureaucracy is needed in any civilized society, its inbred characteristics of impersonality and obedience to its first principle—don't rock the boat—make its complete ascendancy a sign of social decay. The decisions or deliberate refusals to decide that the pure administrator cannot or will not make must always be made. If an Adenauer, a De Gaspari, or a de Gaulle does not provide such leadership, dictators of the left or right will.

As a means to insuring this responsibility, major third parties have soon ceased to exist or have become the second party. In modern England something similar has happened. Labor began as a third force but became the second party, replacing the Liberals. It might be thought that in both countries one result has been an abolition of political ideas, with a division into two mindless factions that might as well be labeled Ins and Outs; but to argue that no real difference divides American or English political parties is to deny the obvious. The difference may be seen in the United States by a casual glance at a group of Republicans or Democrats—which sight arouses our disgust shows whether we were born little Republicans or little Democrats.

In the United States the natural history of party has developed without the ideological complications which have modified profoundly without altogether destroying the parallel process in modern Europe. When in a civilized community citizens assemble politically or elect their representatives, one tendency is toward a division into the groups that divided the Hellenistic world—in Roman terms, the *Opimates* and *Populares*, the quality and the common people, the parties of the rich and of the poor. In the United States, only in the years between 1876 and 1896—when numerical difference between the parties was prevailingly the slightest in history—was what is often said to have been always the case actually true: small difference in principle existed between the parties. The usual difference in tone prevailed even then outside the South. The South has been since the Civil War the great exception, where respected and extreme conservatives vote Democratic, just as Quebec, the most conservative Canadian province, has been generally Liberal in Dominion-wide elections during the twentieth century.

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Historical accidents like these have had much greater importance on the European continent. The presence of the Catholic Church as the real or supposed ally of established social and political institutions has complicated the picture, with the result that reactionaries consider themselves leftists if anti-clerical enough, while Catholics who are ardent advocates of reform in the interests of the common people are distrusted even by the non-Communist left. In addition, the parties have represented not only general tendencies but every ideological division in the pursuit of goals. Since there are more than two sides to every political question of any importance and many means by which the same ends can be secured, a result has been the fragmentation of parties. The United States, too, has had its Greenbackers, Prohibitionists, Single Taxers, Trotskyites and Stalinists, but these have not become major divisions. We can agree with Father John Courtney Murray that intelligent discussion distinguishes the civil from the barbarous and still maintain that an attitude as to which part of the population needs strengthening in view of the common good should determine the major political factions, and not every difference of opinion as to means.

OF COURSE, a common consensus is necessary. Conflicting tendencies cannot become two warring nations as did the North and South or as Capitalist and Proletarian in Marxist theory. The consensus must be about the existence of what to the pragmatist is the maddeningly vague notion of a good shared by all. One side must seek the interests of substantial property holders only as best in the long run for everybody; the other must act on the premise that more equitable distribution of property alone can insure the survival of the rich themselves. Both sides must acknowledge limitations on how far they may go.

It must always be remembered that governments can do only what a people's character permits. The Ottoman Empire, called a despotism tempered by assassination, could not do anything for which the Turks had a profound disinclination. The sultan could not become a Christian, for instance, and the popular character becomes still more important in a republic In spite of their moralism Americans are quite complacent about professional crime and about the public corruption which gratifies the cynicism that is a fool's substitute for profundity. The short life of reform is notorious, and the scandals of the first Grant and of the Harding administrations did not prevent landslide victories at the next elections. Disgust with the corruption of President Truman's underlings was only window dressing for a more fundamental disapproval, as the failure of the Richard Nixon support fund and Dixon-Yates to become effective issues in the next administration showed. A mitigating feature was that the Eisenhower scandals were big enough to count as business rather than petty theft.

A more important symptom is that American omnipotence, to borrow Mr. Brogan's phrase, is viewed as incarnate in one man. We expect our Chief Executive to do anything if he really wants to; failure is weakness or malice. Our elections are not a great debate but a bloodless surrogate for the primitive custom of sacrificing the king who doesn't make it rain. This view of the masses is shared in etherealized form by many among the intelligentsia. While despising the element of hero-worship and myth necessary for effective leadership, they currently expect Mr. Kennedy to change a world situation which cannot be changed fundamentally by anything America alone can do. Many ignore his accomplishment by tactical means of domestic reforms for which he has unfortunately no clear mandate.

If the people do not wish vigorous leadership, they must take the consequences; but they will elect a Harding, a Coolidge, or an Eisenhower—and fail to give a Kennedy an effective margin either personally or in Congress. Politics will always be the art of the possible, and no wisdom of political contrivance can accomplish what a people does not want in a republic, or push them to steps, however needed, whose necessity is not perceived. But any nation may be considered fortunate if its institutions, like ours, enable the executive to undertake responsible action when backed by the people, and if his office calls upon him according to his talents to educate them in the choice by which he will be judged.

The Lettered Cone

Many mollusks of the family Conidae have a poisonous bite.

As she could not have read his letters, had he sent them,
She was able to rationalize his neglect.
Each time the hour of his departure appeared in the weekly cycle,
Unafraid of the bite of poisonous pain,
She would gather from the waves, a lettered cone,
Deciphering from its charactery
Tender messages from him.
Today, at last, she has returned with nothing in her hand
Save a wound.

The law of averages,
Ever infallible in divination,
Has brought her to know that her hopes are vain
Though she can not know that her scholar
In striving to subjugate an American bride
Has forgotten Zanzibar's coralline strand, nor grieves
For her tresses that smell of cloves.

TOWNSEND BREWSTER

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Another Opportunity Lost

Blight in Our Fields

LAWRENCE T. KING

ON THE BACK STREETS of skid row in Stockton, California, the store front offices that once housed the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee are now silent. The A.W.O.C. staff has packed and moved out, and there are "For Rent" signs in the windows. A few militant broadbills calling on farm workers to unite can still be seen on nearby walls, but these provide the only evidence that this was the headquarters of organized labor's most ambitious attempt to unionize the "forgotten workers" of America, the thousands of migrants who follow the harvests.

When the A.F.L.-C.I.O. announced the formation of the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee as an "experiment in organizing farm workers," it was no secret that the decision was reached over the opposition of many old-line union officials, who maintained the money and energy could be expended more profitably elsewhere—among white collar and department store personnel, for example. It is not surprising, then, that the experiment was terminated—two years and $500,000 later—when the A.W.O.C. staff was unable to convince these officials that its prospects for success were even fair to middling. In this time, A.W.O.C. had enrolled thirty-five hundred dues-paying members but had failed to negotiate contracts with any of California's major growers.

In abandoning its federation-wide organizational attempt, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. announced that it was asking individual unions with agricultural interests, such as the Packinghouse Workers and the Food Processors, to intensify their efforts among farm workers. Their efforts undoubtedly will be spurred by the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s chief rival, the Teamsters Union, which already has announced the signing of a contract with the Bud Antle interests, one of the biggest growers in California and Arizona. The fact that most of Antle's produce is trucked to market by firms with Teamster contracts provides a lesson in power tactics that will not be lost on the corporate farm operators. It is now within the realm of reality that those growers who won the battle of the picket lines with A.W.O.C. may end up by signing contracts much less to their liking simply by "invitation" of the Teamsters.

In the Antle contract, the Teamsters agreed to piecework rates but with a guarantee of $1.25 an hour, time-and-a-half pay for Sunday work, eight legal holidays, and overtime for work in excess of eight hours a day. Antle retains the right to hire and fire, but all workers must belong to the Teamsters Union.

In the field of farm unionization, this is a breakthrough that cannot be ignored. At the same time, there is nothing in the contract about the working or living conditions that make the lot of the migrants the nation's harvest of shame. In contrast with A.W.O.C.—which were concerned with wages as only part of the overall migrant problem—the Teamsters apparently believe that once the question of wages is settled, all the other issues will take care of themselves. But will they?

THE TEAMSTER contract may represent a financial improvement for many workers, but it will not buy better working or living conditions. The crux of the matter is that a migrant's way of life is predetermined by circumstances which he cannot control: he must go where the work is; he must accept prevailing conditions; he must live in the facilities that are provided; he and his family must forego the protection of minimum wage laws and welfare services enjoyed by workers in other fields; and where schooling is available for his children it is transitory since the family must pack and leave when harvests beckon elsewhere.

No one knows precisely how many are trapped in this pattern of life. Compilations from various state and federal agencies place the number at five hundred thousand to a million, but the total fluctuates sharply from year to year. Once the harvest season begins, five distinct movements get under way. Starting in the South—in Florida and Georgia, in Texas and Louisiana and along the Southwest border—the movements gradually increase in size and momentum, spilling over county and state lines, reaching to the Canadian border before the tide breaks and recedes southward again.

Helping to swell these human migrations have been

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the revolutionary changes that have taken place in American agriculture during the past two decades. Technological improvement and the subsequent displacement of sharecroppers and tenant farmers; absorption of small farms into larger units; acreage retirement restrictions written into federal law; families forced off marginal farms because of lack of the necessary capital or skill to transform the family farm into the highly competitive, specialized units required under present conditions; the inability of local industries to absorb the dispossessed—all have helped to increase the migratory stream.

The failure of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to organize these workers and the apparent unwillingness of the Teamsters to get involved in the socio-economic aspects of the problem have forced many social scientists to reevaluate their thinking on the entire problem of migratory labor. They now are beginning to express serious doubts as to whether unionization *per se*—desirable as it might be—will be able to solve the problems of communicable disease, the waste of human resources perpetrated in the educational neglect of the migrants' children, and the almost insurmountable welfare complications created for localities, counties and states through which the migrant stream flows.

LAST YEAR, the U. S. Senate Special Committee on Unemployment Problems, under the chairmanship of Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy, published some revealing information on the plight of migratory workers. Included in the reports of its hearings was a comprehensive survey undertaken by the Oregon Legislative Interim Committee on Migratory Labor. Its findings do not make cheerful reading.

The incidence of tuberculosis among migrants in the Lower Snake River Valley, for example, was fifty times the rate of the resident population, according to the Oregon survey. Of more than two thousand migrants checked, only 37.5 per cent had been inoculated for typhoid, 57 per cent for diphtheria, and 66.6 per cent for smallpox. Despite the fact that migrants are instructed by state agencies to carry interstate health cards, only 3.1 per cent could produce such cards and only 5.5 per cent could offer immunization records.

In the field of housing, more than one hundred camps were surveyed. Sixteen per cent of them were found unsatisfactory from a construction standpoint and twenty-six per cent from a maintenance standpoint. The water supply at thirteen per cent was unsatisfactory, and sewage disposal was unsatisfactory at forty-five per cent. The survey also revealed that most of the on-farm housing was constructed before 1952, and many of them were put up as temporary structures with a life expectancy of from five to nine years. They have been patched up and shored up ever since—and they are still in use. Seventy-five per cent of migrant families, averaging 4.7 persons, live in one-room units; less than nine per cent live in three or more rooms.

In a spot check of the educational level of 894 migrants, it was found that more than seven per cent had no formal schooling whatsoever, and more than thirteen per cent had only a first grade education. Almost one-fourth of the migrants had only four to six years of schooling, and about one-third had seven to nine years. Seventy per cent of all migrant children attending school in Oregon were behind the proper age level for their grade, and the Oregon Department of Education adds the startling fact that the educational level of today's migrant children is lower than the level of those surveyed a generation ago.

"Migrant labor," the report concludes, "is not cheap labor when one considers the price paid by migrant children. In an age when educational levels are rising, opportunity for advancement is limited to those qualified. The nation cannot afford poorly educated citizens. Yet migrants and their children are seriously handicapped, and Oregon has done very little about its share of the problem."

BUT WHAT can be done? In most states where migrants labor, parents are already subject to prosecution for violation of compulsory education laws, and in the Oregon survey it was found that most migrant children do attend school during the academic year. There are, however, wide discrepancies in educational requirements among the various localities and states, and children constantly on the move are deprived of the educational continuity that is necessary. Pupils who have attended schools in five states during the course of the year—and such examples are the rule rather than the exception—cannot be expected to maintain their proper grade levels. It is readily understandable why many give up the unequal struggle the first chance they get.

In the field of health and housing, county and state regulations vary from stringent to lax. Attempts by Washington agencies to set up uniform standards are invariably opposed with the inevitable argument of "federal encroachment." Even in those counties and states where attempts are made to deal with the problems responsibly, there still exists a tremendous gulf between existing regulations and enforcement of them.

In some states, for example, laws requiring inspection of labor camps before they are licensed have not succeeded in eliminating substandard housing. For one thing, housing constructed before these laws were enacted were conveniently exempted. Another significant factor is the reluctance of state and county governing bodies to appropriate enough money for adequate inspection and enforcement. As a result, camps go uninspected for years at a time.

There is also the economic and political power of the

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so-called growers' bloc to contend with. Take, for example, a case I am personally familiar with, that of a young, idealistic county health director who conscientiously tried to do something about the deplorable health, housing and sanitation conditions prevalent among migrants. He instituted inoculation programs for them; he set up numerous public health clinics; he insisted that county sanitation officers periodically inspect labor camp facilities and initiate legal action against violators. For his efforts, he was constantly harassed at meetings of the county Board of Supervisors; he was accused by an officer of the local American Medical Association of "trying to foist socialized medicine" upon the county; his loyalty was made a public issue because his wife, a Quaker, refused to take the oath of allegiance at a public meeting; and—most damaging of all—his devotion to the private enterprise system was questioned by the operator of one of the county's biggest corporate farms. In the end, the young doctor found it impossible to work under such conditions and submitted his resignation.

What, then, is the answer to the problem? New legislation on the state and federal level would go a long way in ameliorating conditions, but it would be naive to expect the problems inherent in the system to disappear once the required legislation was enacted. Poverty, ill health, bad housing, educational deprivation—these are basic consequences of the system itself. It is here that the problem must be attacked, despite the contention of growers' associations and state and federal agencies—including the United States Department of Agriculture—that the present migratory labor system is essential to modern production of food and fiber.

THE FACT of the matter is the present system is wasteful and inefficient—for growers and workers alike. Underemployment is the principal factor contributing to the migrant's low living standard; he works on an average of one hundred and sixty-five days a year but his expenses continue for three hundred and sixty-five. Aside from the seasonal nature of the work, a good deal of time is lost in traveling and "shopping" for work. As for the grower, he never can be certain from year to year whether he will be able to get the number and type of workers he needs at the time he needs them most, and millions of dollars in crop losses are recorded annually because of this uncertainty of the labor supply. This is one big reason growers insist on continuation of the Mexican National Program, since it provides a dependable source of labor if domestic workers are not available when they are needed.

The very existence of the system of casual farm labor that has developed in the United States should disturb the national conscience, for it is a constant reminder of unsolved social and economic problems. Workers and their families become migrants not out of choice but out of necessity. They are nomads because they cannot find a living elsewhere—a point that is borne out by the fact that there is a sharp decline in the number of migrant workers when non-farm employment levels are high.

During World War II it was the absence of domestic agricultural workers from the scene that provided the impetus for Congressional passage of Public Law 78, which established machinery for the importation of Mexican contract labor. One of the reasons this law—which was offered as a temporary wartime measure—is still on the books is the fear of agricultural interests that improved economic conditions will once again dry up the supply of domestic workers.

At the National Conference to Stabilize Migrant Labor, which was held in Chicago, Dr. Varden Fuller, a specialist in agricultural economics, proposed that public policy, instead of perpetuating the present wasteful system through various government subsidies, should be directed toward decasualization of the labor force and substitution of a new system that would remove the uncertainty that plagues growers and workers alike. He suggested, first of all, the establishment and maintenance of an employment environment offering positive inducements to a resident-core labor force that will have attachment to and identification with seasonal agriculture, and that will constitute an employment category in which workers will have a reasonably good chance of making a living; secondly, he proposed an organized and planned program for a systematic supplementation to this core force from workers not normally in the labor force but available for summer employment

Such a program would have to meet with the approval of growers, workers and public bodies. As long as the Mexican National Program exists, however, it is doubtful whether growers would accept Dr. Fuller's proposals. The impetus would have to come from Congress, and it could be provided simply by refusal to extend Public Law 78. Once growers were deprived of the opportunity of obtaining a cheap source of foreign labor, they would be compelled to take more of an interest in the problem of stabilizing the domestic work force.

Under Dr. Fuller's program, the difficulties of individual farms in dealing with the problem would be diminished by pooling the labor needs of farmers in a given area, and submitting these needs in advance to associations of workers registered in the area This would make for more effective utilization of labor with economic advantages to all concerned.

"To give the employment relationship stability and content," Dr. Fuller says, "some form of contract should be used. On the Atlantic coast, associations employing Puerto Rican workers have offered contracts that include a minimum employment guarantee. . . This

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type of arrangement should appeal to workers who live in the many villages that are spotted through the farming area. These families try to maintain fixed domiciles and obtain work within the commuting periphery of their homes."

Such an arrangement would also be a positive inducement to migrant families to settle down in a given community. During the summer months—the height of the harvest season—the families could still work together, and the increased family income resulting from more efficient labor use would tend to reduce the present dependence upon children's income, making it possible for them to enjoy a normal school-year existence.

The second part of Dr. Fuller's program, which calls for a supplementary labor force, takes into consideration the possibility the core work force, once it is established, might not be large enough to handle the work load during the peak summer months. To deal with this contingency, the associations would recruit high school and college students, with groups of fifteen to twenty working under the supervision of a teacher, under contracts guaranteeing a full summer's work.

"If such approaches to the solution of seasonal labor problems could be used," Dr. Fuller concludes, "they imply a higher quality and more reliable labor force. Reliable employment should attract reliable workers. In a stable situation, employers could go much further toward training workers, planning work and mechanizing. With an identified labor force, farmers would be less vulnerable to the criticisms that now emerge when slack employment in other sectors of the economy dumps an excess of workers upon them.

"In respect to the utilization of urban youth, I can see the possibility of such a program becoming so powerful a force for developing self-dependence and reducing delinquency that townspeople and their many organizations would pitch in to see that it worked. Another aspect is worth mentioning: this is the evident desire of farmers and farm organizations that they and their problems be understood and appreciated by city people. Is there a more effective way to do this than by showing the interest and willingness to employ the youth of those whose favorable view they seek, and to do so under conditions that evoke commendation rather than criticism?"

Dr. Fuller's program goes right to the heart of the existing migratory labor problem, clearly recognizing it for what it is: an economic problem that can best be solved by economic means. But the first step that must be taken is to open the eyes of the American public to the waste and inefficiency of the present system. Shortly before closing up shop, Congress voted to extend the Mexican National Program for two more years, largely because rural area legislators have succeeded in convincing their colleagues that braceros are vital to the nation's agricultural economy. It is time that the American people let their representatives know that the existence of the foreign contract labor system is the principal stumbling block to the efficient and moral utilization of our own human resources. Until Public Law 78 is terminated, there is little likelihood that we will succeed in lifting the burden of social injustice from the backs of our own citizens who are forced to follow the sun.

Troubled Moslem-Christian Relations in North Africa

Cross and Crescent

JOHN K. COOLEY

"THE CHURCH feels threatened in the Maghreb." After the battle of Bizerte, this was the cry of the French right-wing weekly, *Aux Ecoutes*, which rarely considers spiritual matters and devotes the better part of its pages to laments for the fading chimera of a "French Algeria."

"The Princes of the Church in France," went on *Aux Ecoutes*, "considered that Catholicism, especially in Islamic countries, would have nothing to suffer from a policy propitious to the rise and consolidation of young nationalisms." Events in Tunisia, it continued, "lead one to wonder today if the Archdiocese of Carthage may not finally disappear, because its titulary may no longer have a flock to administer. For, after all, if the sheep all leave, what use are the shepherds? And the sheep are leaving. By boatloads. And without the intention of returning."

Since the anti-European Meknes riots which followed the kidnapping in October 1956 by French air intelli-

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gence of Ahmed Ben Bellah and four companion leaders of the Algerian National Liberation Front (F.L.N.), Morocco's Christian population has not had to undergo anything comparable with the sorry affair of Bizerte. But Msgr. Lefèvre, the Archbishop of Rabat, faces a future which is in the long run every bit as beset with questions as that for which his colleague in Carthage, Msgr. Perrin, must plan.

In these two independent countries of North Africa —the one, Morocco, a theocratic kingdom where Islam is the official state religion; the other, Tunisia, a secular republic where co-existence between the Moslem majority and the Christian and Jewish minorities has been especially trouble-free—the two basic challenges to the Church are the same. One is the dwindling number of communicants. The second is the continuation of anachronistic political ties with the former colonizing power, France, with Church leaders in both countries agreeing in private that these ties have to be revised or eliminated entirely. How both challenges are met in Morocco and Tunisia will certainly weigh heavily on the future of Christianity in one of its most ancient seats: Algeria.

A FEW HOURS after the July 22 cease-fire at Bizerte I stood at the edge of an improvised cemetery on a hillside just outside the Arab town. As is customary, there was no burial service. The sunlight glinted on the binoculars of the leopard-skin clad French paratroops watching from the hilltop as hundreds of the Tunisian dead—horribly mutiliated in some cases—were quickly lowered into their graves by the still stunned and shocked populace. Less than a quarter of a mile away, French civilians stood in silent lines, waiting for food distributed by the French occupation forces and for papers which would entitle them to passage home on a waiting cruiser.

My feeling, shared by other correspondents at Bizerte, has not changed as I write these lines weeks later: the links of confidence between the communities were perhaps irreparably broken in Tunisia. What can the Church do about this? And must Christianity in North Africa fight a rear-guard action because of the errors of politicians and soldiers on both the Christian and Moslem sides?

The response of Archbishop Perrin, in whose Archdiocese of Carthage believers now number just about one hundred thousand, is a matter of record. In a pastoral letter released by the official Tunisian government press agency, the Archbishop essentially echoed the words of his most illustrious predecessor, St. Augustine, in a sermon delivered at Carthage in about 250 A. D., commemorating the martyrdom of the rhetorician Cyprian: "Pray and aid all men to surmount the difficult days we are living through. Do not nourish hate, or spread false and alarmist rumors."

To a largely unmolested European colony, this was as good advice as it was in the days of Augustine, when Roman settlers felt themselves menaced, and in some cases were, by Berber revolt. The real historical question which the Church now faced was whether or not the political and military departure of France from Morocco and Tunisia and, eventually from Algeria, would entail the same decline of Christendom as that which followed the departure of Rome's prefects and legionnaires, in the fourth century A. D.

To answer this question, the Church must first decide whether it can do three things. It must break its unfortunate links with a vanishing colonialism; it must maintain a watch over the remaining Europeans and the tiny handful of Arab converts made in the last century—the hierarchy in today's social context of a rising Islamo-Arab nationalism generally refuses baptism to North African Moslems; and it must, of course, exercise the role of spiritual leadership which it conceives as part of its universal mission.

THOUGH FRANCE maintained her political, economic and military protectorate in Tunisia only from 1883 to 1956, her present religious stewardship dates back to 1665. At that time a treaty between Louis XIV and a Bey of Tunis, Mohammed Basha, defined terms for the religious protectorate of the Christians in the area by France. By 1844, there were in the country enough Europeans—somewhere in the neighborhood of three thousand—to justify, in the eyes of the hierarchy, establishment of the Diocese of Tunis.

During the interregnum of Italo-French colonial competition in Tunisia that followed, an Italian occupied the seat. If the Bizerte crisis grows into a permanent conflict, there is speculation in Tunis at this writing that President Bourguiba may eventually follow this historical precedent and ask for an Italian archbishop to replace the French one.

In 1884, one year after the Treaty of Bardo established the French Protectorate, the French clergy entered Tunisia in triumph: Cardinal Lavigerie was named Archbishop of Carthage and Primate of Africa This was the same Cardinal Lavigerie who, upon arriving in Algeria in 1867 with the blessings of Napoleon III, had proclaimed his intention to "make the soil of Algeria into the cradle of a great, generous Christian nation; in a word, of another France."

In 1896, the Cardinal moved to Tunisia some of the Arab orphans who had been baptized in Algeria by the White Fathers. They received no land from the Church, as they had in Algeria, but they were paid pensions and settled at St. Joseph de Thibar, a wine-growing village of Western Tunisia. There, almost in the shadow of Roman Thibari, with its aqueduct, fourth-century basilica and three-apse Byzantine chapel, the White Sisters still operate a handicraft work-

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shop for the sons and daughters of these transplanted Arab Christians—pathetic pariahs in a Moslem society which knows nothing of the Arab Christians of the Middle East. These and a very few other Tunisian Arab Catholics are still subject to the French civil law code and not the Tunisian one—a "vestige of colonialism" which no Tunisian leader has mentioned openly, but which is bound to become the subject of polemic sooner or later.

The missionary experiments of Cardinal Lavigerie were never repeated, though several Protestant groups, notably the interdenominational North African Mission, are still continuing them in the face of growing governmental hostility in Tunisia and Morocco and, on a much smaller scale, in revolt-torn Algeria. Apart from the closing of a shelter for homeless people operated by the *Petites Soeurs des Pauvres,* President Bourguiba's government has taken no action against any Church activities in Tunisia. Mr. Bourguiba's own rather easy-going secularism, manifested in his opposition to the arduous Ramadan fast month, is not shared by the Moslem conservatives, notably by those in the moribund Vieux-Destour party and by many of the theologians of Kairouan. But there has probably been no Arab nation where Christians and Moslems lived on better terms, even during the most difficult days of the national uprising in 1951-56.

UPON THIS placid scene, relatively undisturbed on the surface even by the war in neighboring Algeria, there burst like a bomb last June an editorial in the Tunisian weekly *Afrique-Action,* which generally reflects President Bourguiba's views. Entitled *"The Failure of St. Augustine,"* it announced that Mr. Bourguiba had instructed his ambassador at the U.N., Mongi Slim, to open "future negotiations with the Vatican" which "will permit the fixing of the establishment, the vocation and the activities of the clergy in Tunisia which is the simple prolongation of the Protectorate."

"The problem," continued *Afrique-Action,* "is that the Christian communities of Tunisia and Morocco are going to dwindle; that one day a single church will suffice for all the faithful and the designation of a bishop will no longer be justified. In Algeria, the situation will be both clearer and more complicated. Clearer, because the presence of seven hundred thousand Catholics likely to settle on Algerian soil amply justifies the presence of an episcopate, the structure of which will be defined by a concordat signed between the Holy See and the Algerian state. More complicated, because the present clergy, conditioned in its structure and its spirit by colonization, must effect a complete reconversion."

Afrique-Action, though presenting some glaring historical inaccuracies about the pre-Islamic antecedents of the Church of Africa, accurately presented the present administrative pattern of the hierarchy: Morocco and the Sahara are directly under the authority of the Holy See, while Tunisia's Archbishop is a member of the Assembly of Archbishops of France. Algeria has three dioceses, created in 1866; Algiers, Oran and Constantine, which will also be the three chief centers of gravity for the "regrouping" of the European population now projected if no agreement is reached between France and the F.L.N. shortly. The bishops of Algeria (in the absence of a Concordat between France and the Vatican) are named only with the agreement of the French Interior Minister. Priests are paid and administered as French civil servants, and considerable annual subsidies still come from the coffers of the Fifth Republic.

The pessimistic outlook expressed by *Afrique-Action* about Christianity's prospects spurred considerable resentment and opened an editorial debate on the subject, a debate which was cut short by the violent events that followed at Bizerte a month later. That tragic affair did more than end the newspaper debate; it led to the departure of nearly seven thousand French and a few Italian and Maltese Christians from Tunisia, sometimes under circumstances which compelled them to leave all their worldly goods in the country, and it threatened to pose the problem of the "dwindling flock" with an acuteness which even the editors of *Afrique-Action* would scarcely have foreseen a month earlier.

THE CHRISTIAN presence in Morocco, in Rome's time as in our own, has been both somewhat more tentative and far less publicized than that in Tunisia. At the height of Roman military colonization, the cities of Volubilis (near today's Meknes) and Tingis (present-day Tangier) were never more than peripheral dioceses on the most remote African marches of the Empire. Traces of Christianity apparently survived the Arab conquest among some Berber tribes (Ibn Khaldoun's history mentions the Behloulas, the Mediouna, the Fendiloulas and the Fazaz as "Jewish and/or Christian tribes" that resisted the conquest), but by the year 800 Christianity seems to have totally vanished from Morocco as an organized cult although the Tunisian hierarchy survived until the conquest by the Almohad sultan, Abd-el-Moumen in 1159 A. D. and the destruction of the Carthage Archbishopric.

During the European middle ages there were numerous, if rather tenuous, Christian-Moslem contacts in Morocco, as in 1037, when Ali Ibn Youssouf recruited a sort of Christian "foreign legion," or in 1126, when the Mozarab Bishop, Miguel Abd-el-Aziz, serving twenty-one years of imprisonment in Fez, copied out the Gospels in Arabic before returning to Spain. From about 1220, following the martyrdom of two over-zealous Franciscan missionaries in Marrakesh, until 1790, when the xenophobic Sultan Moulay Yazid expelled

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them, the Franciscans were able to maintain a continuous presence in Morocco. Members of this community were often indispensable if discreet diplomatic emissaries for the Sultans in their dealings with European courts, and over the years they built up a tradition of Moslem-Christian understanding in Morocco which has so far survived both the relatively brief French Protectorate of 1912 to 1956 and the economically difficult years of independence which have followed.

EACH SUMMER, a seminar on Christian-Moslem problems of symbiosis, both in theology and daily life, is held at Toumliline, a Benedictine monastery on the cedar-covered slopes of the Middle Atlas mountains, and it has become an important feature of the Mediterranean cultural scene. At Whitsuntide an annual pilgrimage of young French Catholic laymen to Toumliline was reminded of the "exigencies of our Christian presence on Moroccan soil." This year, they were told, "we must reflect together on our engagement in the service of the various communities in which we live." And perhaps a reference to the burden of state which 32-year-old King Hassan II must carry, after losing his father, the statesmanlike Mohammed V, last February, was contained in the injunction to "pray to obtain the grace demanded by the young King Salomon of God; the grace of a 'heart which listens'."

There now are in Morocco about two hundred thousand Christians, some ninety per cent of them Catholics, as opposed to four hundred thousand in 1955, the last year of the French and Spanish protectorates. All of the orders working in Morocco, both the French ones and the Spanish ones in the north, enjoin their slowly shrinking communities to minister to the needs of the economically less privileged communities around them.

The extremely rare Moroccan Christians, notably Frère Jean Abdeljellil, a convert and a Franciscan, whose collection of essays, *Aspects Intérieurs de l'Islam* is noteworthy, and the poet, Kemal Zebdi, have made discreet contributions to interfaith understanding. And despite the hostility and suspicion of a few Moslem leaders—especially Allal el-Fassi, the "zaim" or leader of the traditionalist Istiqlal party who is now Minister of Islamic Affairs—friction now appears to be at a minimum.

The murder of a Hungarian Protestant layman distributing Bible Society tracts at the Casablanca Fair last April produced indignant demands by the Istiqlal press that the government close all Christian missions, but so far this has not occurred. It scarcely seems likely that it will take place as long as Hassan II remains on the throne. The young monarch is very much in favor of preserving what one of his ministers recently called "the slender threads of contact between our two civilizations." But no one should forget just how slender these threads are in much of this area.

THE STAGE

Mixture Almost As Before

NO WRITER of our time makes more of a point of labeling his works than Graham Greene, so that if he carefully calls his new play a comedy we can be sure that he very much wants us to think of it as one. There would be nothing wrong with that if it weren't for the fact that "The Complaisant Lover," while unfolding a basically humorous surface, continually mutters in another language which, if it isn't actually tragic, is not really the true voice of comedy either. It is the familiar voice of Graham Greene in one of his moods of romantic despair, this time ringing more dulcetly, as if he had sent a child to relate, disarmingly he hoped, the same tale of duality and dilemma with which he has been seducing us for so many years.

Until we are well along in the first act everything about "The Complaisant Lover" suggests a traditional exercise. Here is the London drawing-room almost entirely filled with its triangle: the husband in his late forties, comfortable and foolish and without passion; the wife ten years younger and still full of desire; and the lover of her own age and inclinations. And here are the tactics and strategies of adultery—the introduction of the lover into the home as a casual friend, the schemes for clandestine meetings, and finally the master plan for getting away for a few days together.

But when we hear the wife tell the lover that "There are different kinds of love," we are alerted to the possibilities of something more original than domestic farce. And indeed what takes shape after that is unconventional enough, a play about adultery in which the central energy is directed towards the setting forth and resolution of a moral and philosophical dilemma and not to the tying and eventual unloosening of a merely physical knot. It is a play, moreover, wherein the element of choice, so basic to the genre, becomes painful rather than liberating, the very intolerability of the necessity to choose constituting the substance and tension of the drama.

"I don't know. I don't want to choose," the wife tells her husband after he has finally been made aware of what is going on. "I don't want to leave you and the children. I don't want to leave him. Victor, why can't we sometimes, just once, have our cake and eat it?"

And so "The Complaisant Lover" proceeds to establish a mode of action in which having one's cake and eating it becomes possible, mythically possible, beyond the reach of psychology or of morals or, for that matter of practical impediments. To make it work, the lover is the one who has to become "complaisant," rather than the husband, as in traditional bedroom farce. That is to say, it is he who has to make the

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sacrifice, to accept the fact of "different kinds of love" and be willing therefore to share the woman with her husband, in a *pas de trois* that they will dance to a hitherto unheard-of melody.

A motif such as this is of course an aspect of Greene's perennial position at the center of what appear to be certain immutably opposed pairs of truths: supernatural and fleshly love, pity and love, marriage and passion. It is this fundamental seriousness—in Greene's case an obsessive and anguished seriousness—that threatens constantly to tip "The Complaisant Lover" toward pathos, if not tragedy. The anguish does, it's true, remain mostly in check; the solution proposed has the quality of a daydream, of something offered to our good nature and secret hungers, like an impossibly charming and bold and unwearable costume; and there is enough sophisticated wit and humor by the way to preserve an illusion of artifice, so that our demurrers are forestalled. Nevertheless, smuggling is a crime for which there are known penalties.

What has been smuggled in is, as I have said, a potentially tragic and actually pathetic situation in the guise of a light-hearted one. But it is not enough to treat a subject lightly in order for true comedy to result; what has to be there is an attitude towards the subject that sees it as detached from fatality, set free to lead its own life beyond the laws, beyond any law but the one it itself enacts, so that it becomes a paradigm of a new kind of imaginative existence as well as an instruction, by exposure and derision, in the insufficiencies and lies of our actual stances and beliefs.

"The Complaisant Lover" doesn't succeed in this. Its lightness is a mask. It is too heavily anchored in abstract pain and pity, too full of the kind of statement that we have come to mistrust in Greene because of its half-truth and fundamentally evasive quality—remarks like "the good are horribly hard to leave," or "what liars and cheats love makes of us." Beyond that, it doesn't work well because its nourishing life is so thin, its dentist-husband so much a figure from Greene's universe of sad ineffectuality and quiet despair, its lovers so lacking in vitality and real passion. And on still another level, the penalty Greene pays for his attempt to combine genres is that the mechanics of amorous comedy give him so much trouble that he has to spend an inordinate amount of time simply getting the thing in motion.

Still, the play does have a certain *visibility* and richness of presence. Almost all of this is imparted to it by its cast, who stand before us as the latest proof of the dictum that an inadequate play can sometimes be rescued by its players. You find yourself watching Googie Withers as the wife, Richard Johnson as the lover, and most of all Michael Redgrave as the husband spinning a texture of complex and precisely delineated behavior that almost compensates for the wanness of the dramatic vision lying behind it all. You even find yourself wanting the whole implausible thing to work, if only as recompense for such civilized and generous gifts of the self. (*At the Ethel Barrymore.*) RICHARD GILMAN

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THE SCREEN

Cook Back in Anger

ANYONE seeing "The Kitchen" may be a little apprehensive about his next visit to a restaurant. He'll discover a lot of blood, sweat, and tears (literally) go into the preparing of a meal; but he'll also realize he's watching a most stimulating movie, one that's a touch vague about its conclusions but is still a lively mixture of art, realism, and poetic pining for what is not. Based on the stage play by Arnold Wesker, another of the young British playwrights determined to give vent to anger at a world they never made, "The Kitchen" concentrates on one day in the kitchen of a London restaurant where hard work, tensions, and an ever-increasing tempo are the normal pattern.

Director James Hill, in his first feature film, has done a remarkable job in integrating the large cast, the confusion in the kitchen, and Wesker's ideas. He is greatly helped by the good film script Sidney Cole wrote from the play, and by Reginald Wyer's fine black-and-white photography which captures so well the many people who work in the kitchen. Director Hill handles fish and actors equally well, especially the hundreds of plaice dipped by the likable new Irish cook (Brian Phelan) in deep fat, and Carl Mohner, who plays what is closest to a lead role in this conglomeration of international characters. Mohner portrays the handsome, quick-tempered, generous, angry German cook in this little United Nations. Every now and then he and his co-workers stop cooking long enough to talk about their dreams, to compare "this stinking kitchen" to the world—a world in which everyone works in a kitchen, "only some are called offices or factories."

At the end, frustrated because he can't have what he wants (what he wants is a married waitress who refuses to divorce her husband to marry him) the German cook goes berserk with a cleaver and smashes up the place. As compassionate co-workers lead the bandaged and bloody cook away, their furious boss (Eric Pohlmann) screams: "Why does everyone sabotage me?

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. . . You have stopped my whole world. . . . Maybe there is something I don't know—just tell me. . . . What more do you want? What is there more?" But no one is left in the kitchen to answer the boss who is speaking to the audience now. And if the picture is suggesting that this is the best of all possible worlds and kitchens, everyone who's not exhausted in the audience will have to answer for himself—what more does he want?

ALTHOUGH striving to be a Continental-type picture, and having some stunning black-and-white photography of Paris, the American film "Paris Blues" is as American as apple pie. Its story about two expatriate jazzmen, one white and one black, who fall in love with a couple of vacationing American girls, one white and one black, could have happened in New York or Chicago. As it is, nevertheless, it has the advantage of off-beat and off-season Paris backgrounds. Producer Sam Shaw and director Martin Ritt fell so in love with their unusual autumn-lighted shots of Paris streets and stairs and quays that sometimes they forgot to get on with the story. Instead we have one handsome scene after the other showing Paul Newman with Joanne Woodward and Sidney Poitier with Diahann Carroll, all in raincoats, running up and down steps and streets. Perhaps this is a way of making us forget the weak story.

The superficial plot concerns the girls' efforts to get the boys to return to the United States and settle down to marriage. Joanne uses sex to win Paul; but he says, "I live music. Everything else is icing on the cake." After several very torrid icing scenes, he almost gives in, but at the last moment in Gare St. Lazare, he sends her home without him. Diahann fares better. With a strong argument in favor of roots and helping out with racial problems at home, she persuades Sidney to join her back in the States.

The Negroes behave so much better than the whites throughout the film that one wonders if "Paris Blues" means to be or is only accidentally anti-white. In any case, the poorly-conceived story is only a starting point for all the attractive decoration: the good acting, appealing views of Paris, the fine jazz score by Duke Ellington, and one magnificent scene in which Louis Armstrong comes with his band to serenade trombonist Newman and saxophonist Poitier and their band. That scene, a triumph of sound and goodwill over matter, almost makes the movie worth attending.

NO DOUBT Arch Oboler has a commendable idea in his "One Plus One"—that the Kinsey Report is only a series of statistics. As shocking as some of its figures and percentages may be, most of them are only arithmetical numbers. Behind the cold statistics are emotional situations and real stories. In his film, Oboler, who produced, directed, and wrote it, tells five stories that start with Kinsey figures and then explore certain aspects of marriage: about a young honeymooning couple who had pre-marital sex; about a wife who broke her marriage vows; about a divorcee who was considered fair game to her men friends; about a middle-aged man who was worried because his life didn't agree with the statistics; about a young wife who thought her husband didn't want their coming baby.

"One Plus One" was made in Canada, mostly with little known actors, except for Leo G. Carroll who is excellent as the lecturing professor who ties in the statistics with the stories. And while the film is done simply, inexpensively and at times even amateurishly, it deserves applause and interest for its sane comments on the statistics and the illustrations (which effectively make their own points) and for its good taste in handling a controversial subject. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

A Mysterious Conflict of Spiritual Ultimates

Riders in the Chariot. By Patrick White. Viking. $5.95.

by Oona Sullivan

PATRICK White's novels have been highly praised in England and America but they are not much loved by his countrymen in Australia. In all but one of his six books (including this one), he has apparently infuriated the homefolk by relentlessly throwing darts at contemporary Australian society which he sees as blighted by pretentiousness, mediocrity and a gibbering concern for all the wrong things. For him its artificiality seems to be summed up in the word "plastic" which he uses with striking effect—plastic homes, teeth, food, cars, souls.

These faults are not peculiar to Australians, of course, but White spears them in an Australian setting and fixes them in Australian manners and colloquial speech. "Riders in the Chariot" is more than a social satire, however. It is an allegory of good and evil culminating in a drunken parody of the Crucifixion. White works out his mysterious conflict of ultimates in complicated and detailed fashion, but he makes it clear that in this world there are the good guys and the bad guys—and the bad guys usually win.

His story has to do with two men and two women who have had a vision of the prophet Ezechiel's fiery chariot, coming out of the north in a whirlwind, carrying four living creatures. The creatures, who are

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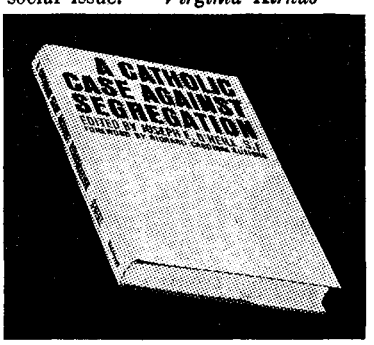

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also the visionaries are: Mary Hare, a remarkably eccentric spinster who lives outside Sydney in a crumbling, pleasure-domed mansion called Xanadu. Miss Hare couldn't care less about the crumbling; she is at home in the advancing thicket and seems to enjoy some silent communion with animals, stones, grass, anything but humans.

Mrs. Godbold is the second seer; she is a plump, implacably calm washerwoman who lives down the road with six daughters and a drunkard husband. The third is Mordecai Himmelfarb, a Jewish refugee who just missed being made into soap in one of Hitler's extermination camps. He lives in a shack not far from Mrs. Godbold and works on a production line in the Brighta Bicycle Lamps factory, possessing his soul in monotony. Finally, there's Alf Dubbo, a half-caste dying of tuberculosis, a violently inspired painter and also an employee of the lamp factory.

On the other side of the spiritual expanse separating the good from the bad are the pharisaical Mrs. Jolley (for a little while housekeeper to the hapless Miss Hare), her black-widow-spider friend, Mrs. Flack (and her nephew, Blue), and Harry Rosetree (born Haim Rosenbaum), owner of the lamp factory. Harry and his wife operate on the theory that if you can't fight the *goyim*, join them. They have become Roman Catholics, taking no chances on being victimized again, as they were in Europe, on account of being Jews. (The wife later increases her margin of safety by becoming an Anglican.)

They, and others who figure more incidentally in the novel, are not dramatically evil. They are mostly just dull, but White shows that it is precisely in their mediocrity that evil finds a fertile ground to take root and flourish, giving off little shoots of maliciousness and spite. Through countless small, apparently chance actions of theirs, the visionaries are drawn into a vortex of evil and destroyed by it.

What starts as a mean prank by Mrs. Flack's nephew and his tipsy friends ends with Himmelfarb strung up on a tree on Good Friday. Rosetree, playing Judas, virtually gives the Jew into their hands. After that things go to pieces rapidly. Goodness here doesn't triumph, but it does endure, especially in Mrs. Godbold, the steadfast Ruth who lives on among her children's children, hugging her secret glimpse of the infinite.

White's allegory is choked with enough symbols to fill three undergraduate term papers. The novel can be read just for the sport of digging and sorting them out. His thrashing attempts to convey the mystical, on the other hand, and his barbed portrayal of the contemporary uses of religion as a place to hide, may outrage the orthodox or try the patience of those who think mysticism is too vague to trouble about.

This is anything but light reading, but it isn't a tract or a treatise, either. White's hard, fiercely unpredictable humor sees to that. So does his dialogue which captures the curious vacuity of much of modern conversation in which people talk at others or simply into the air. None of the bad guys ever really communicates with other people or risks

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becoming involved with them. The visionaries, too, tend to stay locked up within themselves. Even after they have met and known they share an enormous secret they remain inescapably and finally alone.

White's style is another reason his novel can't be read speedily—and that because it's so good. His images and descriptions are too vivid, his characterizations too complex to be grasped by skimming. His book is no masterpiece (and from all reports it isn't even his best work), but it is certainly one of the most ambitiously serious and weightily interesting novels to have appeared in a long time.

Model Memoirs

The Ground I Walk On. By George N. Shuster. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.50.

by Philip Deasy

THE TEMPER of our time being what it is, we have accepted as right and proper that our ex-generals, ex-presidents, ex-college presidents, and even an occasional ex-baseball manager, should provide us with what are usually called "memoirs." Since the law of averages applies even here we should be more grateful than surprised that in the spate of these contributions one occasionally appears that can be recommended as a model of how, if such writing will be done, it should be done. Dr. Shuster's *The Ground I Walk On* is such a book.

Its dust jacket calls it "Recollections by the former president of Hunter College"; its title page, "Reflections of a college president." Both recollections and reflections are prompted by the twenty-one years (1939-1959) Dr. Shuster spent at Hunter. The concentration on that period of his life, with some flashbacks to his experiences in Germany and Austria in the years immediately preceding, gives his book an integration and impact lacking in the more diffusive kind of "memoirs."

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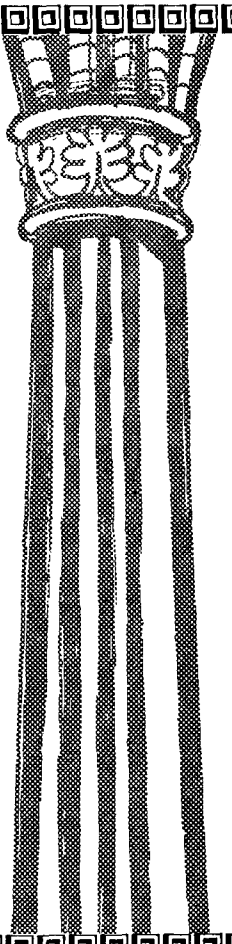

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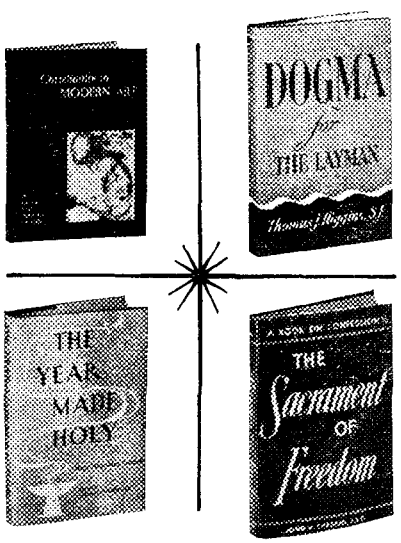

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vignettes of many of the famous people Dr. Shuster came to know and revere as well as the shorter tributes he pays to others in passing. That he can do justice to such disparate personalities as Fiorello LaGuardia and Jacques Maritain is sufficient proof of his versatility and sympathetic perception. (There are other characterizations considerably less warm but no less discerning.) On the other hand, the somberest pages of the book, after those on World War II and Nazism, are the reflections on contemporary youth's ethical and religious attitudes, which include a tart aside or two about the temper of the American clergy.

Dr. Shuster writes in a sprightly prose of grace and clarity that affords its own special kind of reading pleasure. Only a scholar and a journalist who reveres his trade could, while recalling that Henry James once referred to New York's City Hall as peopled "with large florid ghosts," add that the same building "looms in the citizen's thoughts as a curious blend of Mecca and Monte Carlo." It should also be noted that despite his wide-ranging experiences as president of Hunter (these included an eighteen months' assignment as deputy to the United States High Commissioner in Germany, as well as numerous other tours of duty for the U.S. government), Dr. Shuster, a former editor of The Commonweal, is as convinced as ever "that editing an intellectual weekly is the most exciting and rewarding thing anybody could possibly do."

One of the concluding sentences in *The Ground I Walked On* reminds the reader "that a college president can never permit himself to become a humdrum figure." His book is ample evidence that Dr. Shuster never allowed that to happen to him.

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success with *The Bridge on the River Kwai,* M. Boulle puts himself on record at the very start of this present novel. He intends, he says in effect, to give us neither an advertisement of self—"the hideous sin in which guilty old men recklessly encourage the writers of my generation"—nor that sort of research cum reportage which amounts to "an overclose examination of humanity."

His aim will rather be to distinguish himself from fellow practitioners. He plans to image forth "a peculiar situation that, by human standards, is utterly improbable" and bring it to life "by means of a false [read this as *fictional*] logical sequence."

Still very much the prestidigitator, however, he adds some doubts he has about the proposed procedure. Sardonically attributing them to his guardian angel, he manages to get off some shrewd hits at the writer's art. It consists, as he sees it exemplified about him, objectionably of course, "in reproducing familiar clichés, then embellishing them and embellishing them again, and finally setting them in a delicately chiseled framework."

Such is the danger to be avoided, but what has M. Boulle succeeded in doing in *The Executioner*? The answer must be unequivocal: he has achieved an impressive satiric fable, one whose pertinence and panache are by no means invalidated by any help he may have had from works like Laforgue's *Moral Tales* or Camus' *The Fall.*

The situation or plot line is quite startling. Chong, an executioner in the Chinese city of Yin-Yang, has developed an unexpected penchant while performing his duties. At a moment made possible by the particularities of the ritual which every case of his involves, he poisons, before he beheads, the condemned assigned to him.

This unheard-of contravention of duty is discovered by accident. Testimony at the trial which ensues proves beyond question that his criminal acts stem from a series of sensitivities and sympathies. He is unable, for example, to hurt others, even bandits. More inexplicable still, he has married and evidently still loves a miserable blind woman. Appalled, all true Yin-Yangians, the mandarins as well as the relatives of Chong's victims, that is, concur in demanding his death.

A new version, then, of crime and punishment. At first glance, it can be taken as but another of M. Boulle's entertaining paradoxes; to wit, in a world where evil is the norm, a good man is a criminal when he does good. It is, however, much more serious than that. Indeed it raises an issue as ancient as history, no less than that of mankind's terrifying inability to recognize its true benefactors while they are alive.

REVIEWERS

Oona Sullivan is an associate editor of *Jubilee.* This is her first appearance in The Commonweal.

Philip Deasy, a member of the faculty at St. Peter's College in New Jersey, is a frequent contributor.

Max Cosman has written articles and reviews for The Commonweal and a number of American scholarly journals.

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